When hollie and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Rich, with two bishops a lofte.

Maior. See where he stands betweene two clergie men.
Buck. Two props of vertue for a christian Prince,
To staie him from the fall of vanitie,
Famous Plantaganet, most gracious prince,
Lend fauorable eares to our request,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Christian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no such apologie,
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who earnest in the seruice of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends,
But leauing this, what is your graces pleasure?
Buck. Euen that I hope which pleaseth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouerned Ile.
Glo. I do suspect I haue done some offence,
That seemes disgracious in the Citties eies,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance,
Buck. You haue my Lord, would it please your grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian land?
Buck. Then know it is your fault that you resigne
The supreame seat, the throne maiesticall,
The sceptred office of your auncestors,
The lineall glorie of your roiall house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stocke:
Whilst in the mildnesse of your sleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our countries good,
This noble Ile doth want her proper limbes,
Her face defac't with scars of infamie,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing gulph,
Of blind forgetfulnesse and darke obliuion,
Which to recure we hartily solicit,
Your gratious selfe to take on you the soueraingtie thereof,
Not as Protector steward substitute,

Or

Or lowlie factor for anothers gaine:
But as succeßiuelie from bloud to bloud,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this consorted with the Citizens
Your verie worshipfull and louing frinds,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this iust suite come I to moue your grace.
Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterlie to speake in your reproofe,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thanks, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
First if all obstacles were cut awaie,
And that my path were euen to the crown,
As my ripe reuenew and dew by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mightie and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnes,
Beeing a Barke to brooke no mightie sea,
Then in my greatnes couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glorie smotherd:
But God be thanked there's no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The roiall tree hath left vs roiall fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seat of maiestie,
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I laie what you would laie on me:
The right and fortune of his happie stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered:
You saie that Edward is your brothers sonne,
So saie we to, but not by Edwards wife,
For first he was contract to lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues a witnesse to that vowe,
And afterward by substitute betrothed